

"THE SACRED FLAME" AND THE GLOBE-TROTTER.
I.



ONE OF COOK'S TOURISTS (in sight of the temple where the Sacred Flame is never allowed to go out): "By jove? My last match is gone! Happy thought! The sacred flame is just the thing!"

DISQUALIFIED.

CYNIC: "It would be useless for a single woman to run for Congress. She would not satisfactorily represent us."

Female Suffragist: "And why not?"

Cynic: "Even if she did her best, we would still be Miss represented."

AN UP-TO-DATE CLERGYMAN.

ELLA: "Won't you go to church with me Sunday? Our minister is going to talk on the bicycle."

Stella: "I should think he would rather talk from the pulpit."

WHEN SILENCE WOULD BE TOO PAINFUL.



MAMMA: "Of course, you know, people do not talk in church."

Little Ethel: "I know, mamma, except when somebody's getting married."

THE STORM AT SEA.

THE cloud was sitting on the air;
The air was stuffed with breeze;
It made a nice, soft easy chair,
As bouncy as you please.

The sea was moist as moist could be;
So moist that you and I
Might mop through all eternity
And never mop it dry.

There came a bang of thunder loud;
It bumped against the poles;
The lightning jiggled through the cloud
And pricked it full of holes.

The rain drops trickled down like tea
Or ginger-beer upset;
They trickled straight into the sea
And got their feet all wet.

NO TALKERS NEED APPLY.

SEE that you advertise for a partner.
Now, I can —

"Don't say another word. I want a silent partner."

II.



At the altar, while the priests shriek with horror: "Only want a little fire, don'tcher know?"

DUNNED.

LANDLADY: "Did you receive your letter, Mr. Hardup?"

Hardup: "Yes, Mrs. Hash."

Landlady: "A love letter, I presume?"

Hardup: "Well—I might say—a little bill—an!—due."

THE CONDUCTOR'S LITTLE JOKE.

WHY doesn't a policeman pay his fare?" inquired a citizen who saw one ride free.

"You can't squeeze a nickel out of a copper," the conductor explained.

MAUD: "Cholly says he'll blow his brains out if I jilt him. I don't believe he'd have the nerve."

Mabel: "Nor the brains."

A FASHION NOTE.



"THE LATEST STYLE IN STANDING COLLARS."

NOT FROM THE GREAT CRYPTOGRAM.

WHEN Shakespeare wrote
The line we often quote—
"Now is the Winter of our discontent,"
'Twas evident
The poet meant
To call
Attention to the lack
With subtle tact
That he was married sometime in the Fall.

(Nov. 28th, 1582.)

HE WAS THE COMPASS.

LITTLE EDDIE: "Papa's the captain of our ship, and mamma's the pilot."
Teacher: "And what are you?"
Eddie: "I'm the compass. I guess. They are always boxing me."

III.



(Marching off — "What a beastly row about a little fire.")